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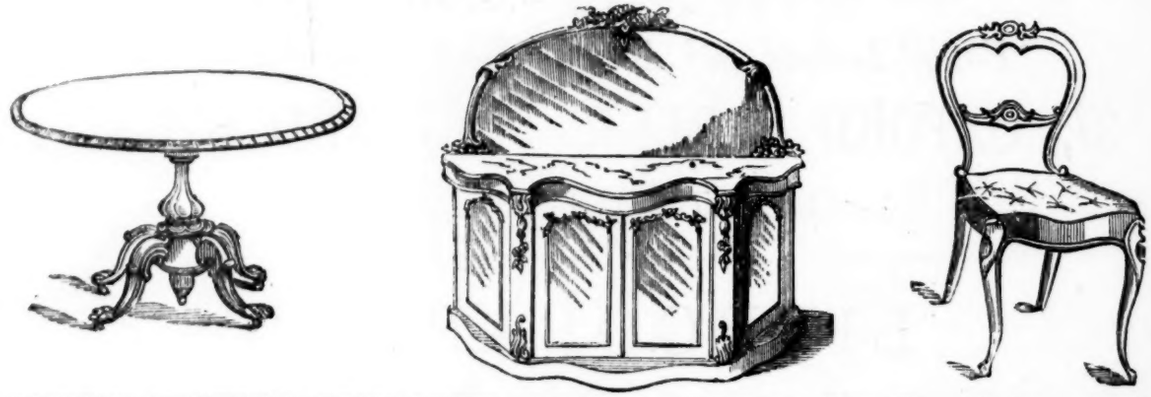

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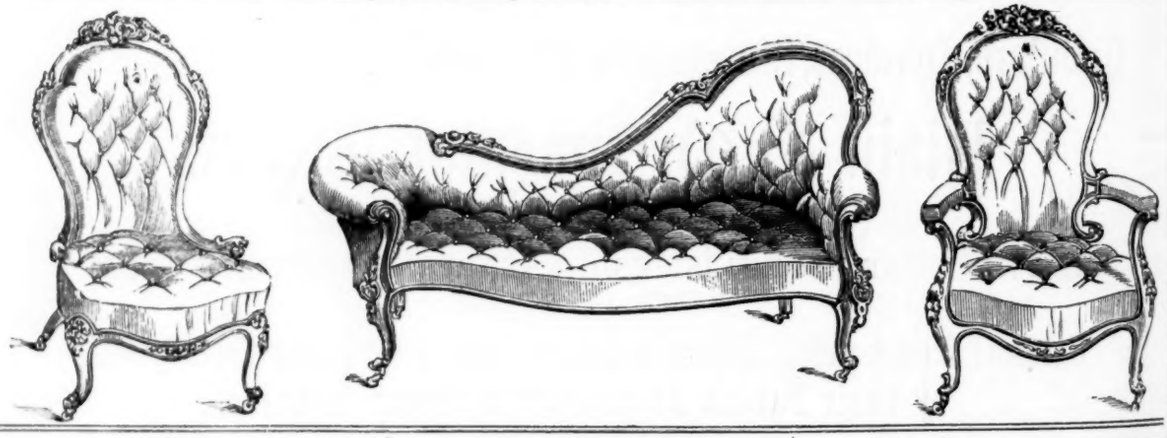

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"HOME."

THE comedy now being acted at the Prince's Theatre, under the attractive name of *Home*, is one of Mr. Robertson's adaptations from the French, and therefore not one of his most successful efforts. But it is, at the same time, not one of his worst. Wherever it is simply Robertsonian it is delightful, but wherever it is French it is unsatisfactory. It contains, indeed, one or two touches which are as charming as anything of Mr. Robertson's. These touches may be in the French original, for all we know, but they seem to us to smack too strongly of the Robertson not to be his own. We may instance the interrupted love-scene over the piano, which Mr. Robertson never excelled; and the charming finale, where the curtain falls upon the family group, to the strains of "Home, sweet home" upon that indispensable piano. It is the unsatisfactory plot which spoils the play. Plot is Mr. Robertson's stumbling-block. *Home* contains perhaps more than any other piece of his, but it is awkward and unattractive. A son, long absent in America, returns home unexpectedly—to find his mother dead and his father a victim to the fascinations of an adventuress, whose schemes he sets about frustrating by a series of deceptions. It is impossible for an English audience to feel much sympathy with a hero whose heroism consists in lying till he is (metaphorically) black in the face. And when the hero sets about making false love to the adventuress, who is smitten with a genuine passion for him, the audience is in just as much danger of forgetting all the hero's previous virtues in its disgust at his duplicity, as it is of condoning all the previous misdeeds of the adventuress in consideration of her violated love. The rest of the characters have little enough to do with the plot. There is a rascally brother of the heroine's, who eats, drinks, smokes, and sleeps in the drawing room; a young lady visitor at the house, whom the hero really falls in love with and ultimately gets engaged to; and a couple of young persons to describe whom no epithet is so apt as "spoons." The male of this pair is most obviously the prototype of Bertie Fitzurse, in *New Men and Old Acres*, but it is almost as difficult to understand why he should have been created as why he should be multiplied upon the stage. Upon the whole, we are inclined to ascribe the existence of this pair of spoons to some poetical conception of Mr. Robertson's which he has not succeeded in working out. Mr. Robertson is replete with dainty fancies which he only now and then succeeds in happily expressing. Full as his comedies are of delicate effects, they are some of them still fuller of poetical conceptions only half born, or blighted at their birth. We can imagine Mr. Robertson having meant at first to make something very tender out of these two young folks, and having subsequently given up the idea, or failed in it. We cannot otherwise account for their existence. As the three acts of *Home* all take place in a drawing room, a slight anomaly or two must be forgiven. But it is rather an audacious dramatic license to take all the characters off to dinner, when two of them have hardly swallowed their lunch—which, by the way, they eat in the said drawing room.

The dia'ogue of the piece is interesting and sprightly; and we are not disposed to quarrel with it for the absence of that excess of funniness which gives even some of Mr. Robertson's best writing an air of effort, and occasionally strain. The disadvantage of some of the glaringly brilliant dialogue of *School* is, that you are compelled to take with every slice of the author's rather extravagant wit a still larger slice of the audience's not too intelligent guffaw. Indeed, every one point is divided from every other point by a roar—which becomes monotonous. One escapes this in *Home*. Again, what a pleasure it is to sit and listen to a dramatist who does not find it necessary to spice up his dialogue with a leap from the tower of Elfen on to a feather bed! At the same time, a good many of Mr. Robertson's admirers may possibly be disappointed at the comparative absence of those broadly funny points which have been wont to move their mirth uproariously. Those trippings of speech which Mr. Robertson makes so much capital out of abound as usual: we wish he would find some other form of wit. But these are infinitely preferable to those miserable puns with which he besprinkles his plays. "I've loved her since the early age of two." "Isn't that *too* early?" This would be intolerable even at a tea party; yet it is esteemed good dialogue by the first dramatist of the day. We must confess that upon the whole this piece contains more of the author's faults than of his merits; still, it constitutes a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

About the acting we hardly know what to say. We have impressed upon our readers our opinion of Mr. Sothern long since, and we have only to add that it has not changed in the least. Let us dispose of the others first: meanwhile, we may think of something more to say about him. Miss Ada Cavendish's hard style of acting suits the character of the adventuress as well as any that could be devised for her; and the consequence is that the harshness which rather grates upon us in ordinary parts, is in this one subservient to the illusion rather than an impediment. Miss Cavendish's final speech is a very good piece of elocution, and her final exit a good piece of acting; only the excessive laudation which has been lavished upon it, or the actress's conception of the situation, induces her to protract it to a degree which seems to us extreme. Miss Annie Radcliffe hardly realizes the idea of a "fairy princess," such as the young lady visitor ought to be; but plays with intelligence and some grace. Miss Baldwin is sufficiently natural as the little sister; but the other spoon—the male—has the disadvantage of being played by a young lady. Miss Lily Harris is very lively, but a girl in boy's clothes is not prepossessing. The chief merit of Mr. Wainwright's Captain Mountraffe—an unmitigated vagabond—originally played by Mr. Compton in *such* a get-up—lay in its freedom from exaggeration and extravagance. Mr. Blakeley acts the father of the piece efficiently enough; but he has a confirmed and conspicuous mannerism of intonation which mars all he does. We think his impersonation would be improved by a more subdued voice, and much more repose of demeanour.

And now for Colonel John White. We presume there are a multitude of substantial, not to say yellow, reasons why Mr. Sothern's part should be invariably thrust so prominently forward as it is; but he must be aware that this disproportionate amount of playing on the first fiddle is ruinous to a composition as a work of art. In the present piece he enters on the scene almost at the commencement of each act, and never goes off it at all. How is a poor author to construct an interesting piece upon such terms? However, as we took, last year, the ungracious part of pointing out the defects of Mr. Sothern's characters, and his acting of them, we prefer this time to perform the pleasanter duty of alluding to his merits, less needed

though it be. Of course there is in his present impersonation that ease and gentlemanliness for which he is remarkable, and which is his best quality. In addition to fair scope for the exhibition of this great and rare histrionic virtue, the present piece provides him with an excellent opportunity for the display of that nervousness, awkwardness, and embarrassment, in the portrayal of which he has no rival that we know of. There is no doubt that the love scene over the piano is the success of the piece. But we think it would be better for a good deal less gag, and we are not quite decided whether it was not best of all as it was originally played by Mr. Sothern. We are quite decided that the arrangement of the final tableau is greatly inferior to its arrangement on the first night of the play, in London.

Although the acting of the piece is by no means bad, it is scarcely equal to the occasion, inasmuch as *Home* is just the sort of play that stands in need of first-class acting. This it had in London, and this accounts for its prolonged career there. There is nothing in the piece itself—with the exception of the love-scene and a few occasional touches up and down the dialogue—which is calculated to obtain much popularity. It is not worthy of its title, and it is without a doubt greatly inferior to *Caste* and *School;* but at the same time it is a vast improvement upon most contemporary plays, and regular theatre-goers ought not to miss it. As for those occasional visitors who require some rigidly "legitimate" production to attract them, we cannot recommend this little comedy to them as being of a taste to please their scientific palates.

CHEAP BEER VERSUS TEETOTALISM.

WE have had put into our hands a pamphlet by Mr. Joshua Fielden, M.P. for one of the Yorkshire Ridings, in which the hon. gentleman deals with the question of the malt tax. As this is a tax which is not the perquisite of any political party, and as it is on the other hand a tax which seems to us to bear very heavily upon the welfare and morals of the common people of England, we make no apology for noticing the pamphlet in our columns. It may at first sight seem a very slender benefit to the public that they should be provided by their government with good drinks at a cheap rate, but it is not so indifferent a thing that the government should put a heavy impost upon the article out of which the cheapest and the most nutritious drink could be brewed. The man who wars against the malt tax is certain to encounter at least two classes of opponents—the one class the finance minister of the day and the permanent officials in the treasury bureaux, who naturally detest the abolition of any tax; and the other, the increasing band of fanatics who would much rather behold the common people drinking Seidlitz powders than indulging in a foaming tankard of home-brewed "October." Perhaps if the latter drink, or anything analogous to it, had continued to be the usual tipple of the English people, as it was a century ago, the various phases of the temperance movement would not now have been so prominent. Under a regime of ale—of honest malt and hops—there would have been intoxication of course, but not the brutal drunkenness we see now. Ale was a liquor which muddled a man's brains a little, but it did not steal them away altogether. It did not fire the blood and send it whizzing through the veins like molten lava, as the fiery stuff which is called spirituous liquor does now-a-days.

Who shall say that we are not indebted to the malt tax for the Maine liquor law movement? In Austria and Bavaria, very beer-drinking countries, there is no teetotal movement that we ever heard of; yet neither of these countries is less virtuous, less industrious, less philanthropic than our own. We ourselves were visiting in Vienna last year, and though British beer, even with the name of that Cæsar Imperator Bass upon the barrel, likes us not, we took kindly to the cool and sparkling and deliciously-tasting brew which, in the beer saloons of the liveliest of German cities, is everlastingly on tap. And in travelling to Vienna during the broiling summer of 1868, what we were especially struck with was the circumstance that, in a long day's journey between Frankfort and Munich, under a burning sky and with abundant dust, there was not a station, however humble, at which peasant women, or persons having that semblance, did not hand us to the carriage window, in rude flagons of grey earthenware, what seemed about equal to an English pint of ice-cold fragrant beer, the charge for which was under two pence sterling. It should also be remarked that there was a general uniformity in the taste and quality of the drink, which was very agreeable. It was not weak and watery at one place and potent and choking at another. Either a paternal government had ordained this uniformity, or the people, throughout the extensive tract of country we covered that day, had made up their minds that there must be a solemn concord about the quality of their beer, however much they might differ in other respects. Truly, a wise and a respectable folk! If Mr. Fielden, M.P., can compass so much for us during his parliamentary career, we shall willingly subscribe to present him with a model of the Heidelberger Fass in silver. Only think, during a journey in the summer solstice, by a slow "parliamentary," from London to Carlisle, of being able to get at all and every station, if so minded, a pint of cool, honest beer, into which you could dip your parched beak, like a thirsty pelican, and feel it going down like a wave—uniform in quantity, in quality, in temperature, in cost! The Maine liquor lawyer will shudder at our picture; the teetotaller will hail a one-horsed Seidlitz powder, and drive off fluently, but honest John Barleycorn will sit merrily, like the god Bacchus astride his cask, and will dash them both in the face with a bunch of dewy hops and bid them avaunt, as if they were parched peas who rather liked the parchment.

In Munich, we are told, that if one-eighth of a penny sterling be added to to a "maass" of beer, the people rise in revolt, and the soldiers are called out. Nor would they be pacified if a Peter the Hermit teetotaller were to preach to them of their sensual appetites. The poor people must have sensual pleasures—carnal pleasures if you like—for beer is to them a fleshly gratification; yet drunkenness, as we know it, is not known there. Now and again you may see a brave Bavarian coachee alittle sodden on his box, a little diffident on making up his mind, like the Graf Eldon of England, but this is quite exceptional, as any traveller will tell us. Bavarian beer, brewed from untaxed malt, and caretully supervised by the government as to quality, does not appear to have the property of making a man open his wife's cranium with an adze, or ot rendering his child's tender body black and blue with a flail. These are operations which we can more readily compass in Deansgate, with "blue ruin" or with Acheronian rum.

There was a time in this highly-favoured country of ours when the English people had their innocent beer very much as the Bavarians and Austrians have now. A gentleman of the name of Ellmann (we quote Mr. Fielden's pamphlet) stated to a committee of the House of Commons, in 1821, that forty-five years before that, when he became a farmer, every labourer in his parish of Glynde, where he lived, brewed his own beer, and drank it by his own fireside. Forty-five years back from 1821 takes us to 1776. At that time there was no tax on malt if made by persons for their own consumption. In the year 1783 this permission ceased. In allusion to this evidence, Mr. Fielden compares two periods, in order to show that the malt tax has the tendency of restricting very much the consumption of beer by the common people. The contrast is remarkable, and we quote Mr Fielden again. He says: "In 1713 the population of England and Wales was about five millions. The duty was 6d. a bushel (with the above exception), and the amount of malt upon which duty was paid was thirty million bushels, being at the rate of *six bushels a head.* In 1864, the population of the United Kingdom being about 30 millions, and the duty 2s. 8d. a bushel, the number of bushels of malt on which duty was paid was 45 millions, being at the rate of *one-and-a-half bushels a head.* Comment on such facts is needless. They prove that the consumption of our national beverage has very largely decreased; but our police reports show that the result has not been to increase the habit of sobriety amongst our poor. On the contrary, *ardent spirits* have, from the *increased price of beer*, through the operation of the malt tax, come into competition with it."

We are sorry that our limits prevent our quoting more at length from the hon. member's pamphlet, which is throughout a most interesting one. He wages battle royal with this malt tax, and hits out manfully from the shoulder against the men who, as he thinks, assail so cruelly

the comforts of the working classes, whilst they deal leniently with those of the well-to-do. He shows that the duty

On Claret in wood—is	12	per cent.
„ „ in bottles „	12½	„ „
„ Champagne „	11	„ „
„ Port „	32	„ „
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whilst malt, from which the labourer's beer is made, is taxed at the rate of seventy per cent! But this crushing impost of 70 per cent. upon the malt is not all. Mr. Fielden indicates, with great ingenuity and force, the rapid manner in which this tax increases at every stage through which the malt passes on its way, through beer, to the lips of the consumer. Malting barley is about 31s. per quarter, and the tax on that quarter of barley converted into malt is 21s. 8d., being clearly a tax of 70 per cent., which the *maltster* must pay at once. He advances this tax out of his capital, and is therefore justified in reckoning 5 per cent. interest on his advance. The maltster requiring a profit as well, puts 10 per cent. on for that. Then comes the *brewer*, with *his* interest and profit, say 15 per cent., and then the retailer comes with his profit, 10 per cent. (we allow the retailer nothing for interest, as he gets his money over the counter). Now let us see how the account stands—and remember that we are now dealing with the *tax*, and not with the value of the thing taxed.

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Amount of tax on the quarter of malt at 31s.	21	8
Maltster's charge on the tax for interest and profit, 15 o/o	3	3
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IT is now some days (it looks like so many weeks) since I fell ill, or, perhaps, in customary phrase, I ought to say, was stretched upon a bed of sickness. That, however, would not be strictly correct, although, perhaps, quite as much so as in the case of sundry joint-stock companies' managers and directors, editors of libellous newspapers, and other culprits, who, we observe, are by a strange coincidence always getting "struck down by illness" when their affairs begin to get into a mess. In my case, so far from being "stretched," which indicates repose, if not rest, my position in bed was spasmodic and intermittent, a curled-up position, yea a tossing about, and perpetually getting-up and lying-down position, involving the going through a series of valetudinary gymnastics, of which the phrase "stretched" conveys no adequate idea. The fact is, I never got the length of prostration, the malady having assumed an acute form, which rendered one particularly lively, physically speaking, until convalescence set in, and the recuperative powers had full play. Subjoined is a diary of the various phases of my illness:—

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SECOND DAY.—Got up, hot, feverish, and ill. Breakfast as before. Suggested to us to consult Æculapius. Declined peremptorily and with unnecessary warmth. Had a misgiving that he would immediately order me back to bed, and could not remain within doors without much inconvenience. Besides, "Did I not know my own constitution? Had I not an intimate acquaintance with my own internal economy? Was I not familiar with the diagnostics of my own frame, during a period extending over,——ahem! well, forty years? Given a certain previous course of living, and did I not know the result? If I eat and drink too much, I knew the consequences. If I sat up all night, I knew what happened (yes, in more senses than one!) If I took no exercise, I could calculate to a certainty what would follow. Did I not know the effects which thunder had upon my cerebellum? Likewise the general results which sprang from sitting in draughts, and going to witness Shakesperian revivals in wet clothes?" These asseverations, propositions and queries put forth in a loud, querulous, and testy manner, did Desdemona seriously incline to hear, and I am bound to admit that she assented to them all in the most aggravating manner. No, I shall have no doctor; time enough for that when I'm "given up," as they say in certain rural districts, with which I am familiar. I shall soon see what is the matter, and know how to treat myself. Went to business. Began to feel wretchedly ill, tried to eat some lunch, as a duty. Utterly failed. Tried to drink something, with similar result. Being Saturday, went home early, and resolved to go to bed. Went home. Tried to eat some dinner, but could make nothing of it. Horrible shooting pains begin to fly through my body. Ha! ha! I've got you now. Rheumatism, by the powers. Order hot bath at once. Heavens! what a pain in the small of the back! No, by George, it's in my hip. Oh! oh! it's shooting all down the backs of my legs, and fastening on my calves. Having feasted on those pastures for some time, it, he, they, or what the dickens the pains are, make a flying visit to my left shoulder and back again to my hip, compelling me, as the saying is, to sing out. Order the domestic hospital to be got ready, and retire to solitude, if not to slumber, in that lively apartment. Have a drink of something hot, after getting into bed. It tastes beastly, something like melted tin, and makes me shudder all over. Swear that I am poisoned. Feel sick—am sick. Fall fast asleep. Wake up with a start. Clock begins to strike. One—two—three—four—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—— Find that I have been in bed exactly ten minutes, of which I have slept about two; but let us be thankful for small mercies, for this is all the sleep I am to have this night. The wind being favourable, it seems as if I hear every clock in this city strike every hour. Some of the large clocks race with each other, and are so near together that one commences striking before the other leaves off, and at midnight I hear thirty-six chimes distinctly struck. My sense of hearing becomes wonderfully acute. Innumerable mice appear to be having a stampede behind the skirting board. The death watch has actually become monotonous, and an infernal old barrel organ, which belonged to some remote ancestor of my children, keeps cracking and splitting as if it was about to commence a tune or fall to pieces. I am racked with pain, and toss about until daylight doth appear. Hearing the house astir at last I ring. Handmaiden approaches and knocks. Is requested to enter, and utters an exclamation. The pillows are upon the floor. The counterpane is next to my body, and wrapped tightly round it. A sheet encircles my neck like a boa-constrictor. Blankets and sundry auxiliary rugs and shawls are heaped up in a heterogeneous mass above me. I have got under everything available, and believe if darkness had lasted much longer, I should have found myself beneath the mattress, if not the bed itself. Here endeth the second day.

THIRD DAY.—Sunday. Holding a consultation with handmaiden. I observe that active treatment is necessary, and order a mustard plaster to be prepared. Handmaiden retires, and I hear a buzzing conversation going on below. Returns to ask where the blister is to be applied to.

though it be. Of course there is in his present impersonation that ease and gentlemanliness for which he is remarkable, and which is his best quality. In addition to fair scope for the exhibition of this great and rare histrionic virtue, the present piece provides him with an excellent opportunity for the display of that nervousness, awkwardness, and embarrassment, in the portrayal of which he has no rival that we know of. There is no doubt that the love scene over the piano is the success of the piece. But we think it would be better for a good deal less gag, and we are not quite decided whether it was not best of all as it was originally played by Mr. Sothern. We are quite decided that the arrangement of the final tableau is greatly inferior to its arrangement on the first night of the play, in London.

Although the acting of the piece is by no means bad, it is scarcely equal to the occasion, inasmuch as *Home* is just the sort of play that stands in need of first-class acting. This it had in London, and this accounts for its prolonged career there. There is nothing in the piece itself—with the exception of the love-scene and a few occasional touches up and down the dialogue—which is calculated to obtain much popularity. It is not worthy of its title, and it is without a doubt greatly inferior to *Caste* and *School;* but at the same time it is a vast improvement upon most contemporary plays, and regular theatre-goers ought not to miss it. As for those occasional visitors who require some rigidly "legitimate" production to attract them, we cannot recommend this little comedy to them as being of a taste to please their scientific palates.

CHEAP BEER VERSUS TEETOTALISM.

WE have had put into our hands a pamphlet by Mr. Joshua Fielden, M.P. for one of the Yorkshire Ridings, in which the hon. gentleman deals with the question of the malt tax. As this is a tax which is not the perquisite of any political party, and as it is on the other hand a tax which seems to us to bear very heavily upon the welfare and morals of the common people of England, we make no apology for noticing the pamphlet in our columns. It may at first sight seem a very slender benefit to the public that they should be provided by their government with good drinks at a cheap rate, but it is not so indifferent a thing that the government should put a heavy impost upon the article out of which the cheapest and the most nutritious drink could be brewed. The man who wars against the malt tax is certain to encounter at least two classes of opponents—the one class the finance minister of the day and the permanent officials in the treasury bureaux, who naturally detest the abolition of any tax; and the other, the increasing band of fanatics who would much rather behold the common people drinking Seidlitz powders than indulging in a foaming tankard of home-brewed "October." Perhaps if the latter drink, or anything analogous to it, had continued to be the usual tipple of the English people, as it was a century ago, the various phases of the temperance movement would not now have been so prominent. Under a regime of ale—of honest malt and hops—there would have been intoxication of course, but not the brutal drunkenness we see now. Ale was a liquor which muddled a man's brains a little, but it did not steal them away altogether. It did not fire the blood and send it whizzing through the veins like molten lava, as the fiery stuff which is called spirituous liquor does now-a-days.

Who shall say that we are not indebted to the malt tax for the Maine liquor law movement? In Austria and Bavaria, very beer-drinking countries, there is no teetotal movement that we ever heard of; yet neither of these countries is less virtuous, less industrious, less philanthropic than our own. We ourselves were visiting in Vienna last year, and though British beer, even with the name of that Cæsar Imperator Bass upon the barrel, likes us not, we took kindly to the cool and sparkling and deliciously-tasting brew which, in the beer saloons of the liveliest of German cities, is everlastingly on tap. And in travelling to Vienna during the broiling summer of 1868, what we were especially struck with was the circumstance that, in a long day's journey between Frankfort and Munich, under a burning sky and with abundant dust, there was not a station, however humble, at which peasant women, or persons having that semblance, did not hand us to the carriage window, in rude flagons of grey earthenware, what seemed about equal to an English pint of ice-cold fragrant beer, the charge for which was under two pence sterling. It should also be remarked that there was a general uniformity in the taste and quality of the drink, which was very agreeable. It was not weak and watery at one place and potent and choking at another. Either a paternal government had ordained this uniformity, or the people, throughout the extensive tract of country we covered that day, had made up their minds that there must be a solemn concord about the quality of their beer, however much they might differ in other respects. Truly, a wise and a respectable folk! If Mr. Fielden, M.P., can compass so much for us during his parliamentary career, we shall willingly subscribe to present him with a model of the Heidelberger Fass in silver. Only think, during a journey in the summer solstice, by a slow "parliamentary," from London to Carlisle, of being able to get at all and every station, if so minded, a pint of cool, honest beer, into which you could dip your parched beak, like a thirsty pelican, and feel it going down like a wave—uniform in quantity, in quality, in temperature, in cost! The Maine liquor lawyer will shudder at our picture; the teetotaller will hail a one-horsed Seidlitz powder, and drive off fluently, but honest John Barleycorn will sit merrily, like the god Bacchus astride his cask, and will dash them both in the face with a bunch of dewy hops and bid them avaunt, as if they were parched peas who rather liked the parchment.

In Munich, we are told, that if one-eighth of a penny sterling be added to to a "maass" of beer, the people rise in revolt, and the soldiers are called out. Nor would they be pacified if a Peter the Hermit teetotaller were to preach to them of their sensual appetites. The poor people must have sensual pleasures—carnal pleasures if you like—for beer is to them a fleshly gratification; yet drunkenness, as we know it, is not known there. Now and again you may see a brave Bavarian coachee alittle sodden on his box, a little diffident on making up his mind, like the Graf Eldon of England, but this is quite exceptional, as any traveller will tell us. Bavarian beer, brewed from untaxed malt, and carefully supervised by the government as to quality, does not appear to have the property of making a man open his wife's cranium with an adze, or of rendering his child's tender body black and blue with a flail. These are operations which we can more readily compass in Deansgate, with "blue ruin" or with Acheronian rum.

There was a time in this highly-favoured country of ours when the English people had their innocent beer very much as the Bavarians and Austrians have now. A gentleman of the name of Ellmann (we quote Mr. Fielden's pamphlet) stated to a committee of the House of Commons, in 1821, that forty-five years before that, when he became a farmer, every labourer in his parish of Glynde, where he lived, brewed his own beer, and drank it by his own fireside. Forty-five years back from 1821 takes us to 1776. At that time there was no tax on malt if made by persons for their own consumption. In the year 1783 this permission ceased. In allusion to this evidence, Mr. Fielden compares two periods, in order to show that the malt tax has the tendency of restricting very much the consumption of beer by the common people. The contrast is remarkable, and we quote Mr Fielden again. He says: "In 1713 the population of England and Wales was about five millions. The duty was 6d. a bushel (with the above exception), and the amount of malt upon which duty was paid was thirty million bushels, being at the rate of *six bushels a head.* In 1864, the population of the United Kingdom being about 30 millions, and the duty 2s. 8d. a bushel, the number of bushels of malt on which duty was paid was 45 millions, being at the rate of *one-and-a-half bushels a head.* Comment on such facts is needless. They prove that the consumption of our national beverage has very largely decreased; but our police reports show that the result has not been to increase the habit of sobriety amongst our poor. On the contrary, *ardent spirits* have, from the *increased price of beer*, through the operation of the malt tax, come into competition with it."

We are sorry that our limits prevent our quoting more at length from the hon. member's pamphlet, which is throughout a most interesting one. He wages battle royal with this malt tax, and hits out manfully from the shoulder against the men who, as he thinks, assail so cruelly

the comforts of the working classes, whilst they deal leniently with those of the well-to-do. He shows that the duty

On Claret in wood—is	.....	12 per cent.
,, ,, in bottles	,, ...	12½ ,, ,,
,, Champagne	,, ...	11 ,, ,,
,, Port	,, ...	32 ,, ,,
,, Sherry	,, ...	19 ,, ,,

whilst malt, from which the labourer's beer is made, is taxed at the rate of seventy per cent! But this crushing impost of 70 per cent. upon the malt is not all. Mr. Fielden indicates, with great ingenuity and force, the rapid manner in which this tax increases at every stage through which the malt passes on its way, through beer, to the lips of the consumer. Malting barley is about 31s. per quarter, and the tax on that quarter of barley converted into malt is 21s. 8d., being clearly a tax of 70 per cent., which the *maltster* must pay at once. He advances this tax out of his capital, and is therefore justified in reckoning 5 per cent. interest on his advance. The maltster requiring a profit as well, puts 10 per cent. on for that. Then comes the *brewer*, with *his* interest and profit, say 15 per cent., and then the retailer comes with his profit, 10 per cent. (we allow the retailer nothing for interest, as he gets his money over the counter). Now let us see how the account stands—and remember that we are now dealing with the *tax*, and not with the value of the thing taxed.

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I name the afflicted parts of my body, and we find that a plaster measuring about six feet in length by two in breadth, would be necessary. As this is quite beyond the pharmaceutical resources of the establishment, the idea is abandoned. Wearied out, I get up—to rest. As I catch a sight of myself in the looking glass, I start and involuntarily look over my shoulder, to see if it is my own image which is reflected. I resemble a shipwrecked sailor, or convict escaped from the hulks. My eyes are sunken and bloodshot, my beard is all growing the wrong way, my hair resembles hay or tow, and my skin is like unto shrivelled parchment. By the time I get dressed, I find everybody has gone to church. I wonder if their praying for "all sick persons" will do me any good. Handmaiden, who is fertile in resources, has heard that a sharp walk is good for taking pains out of folks' bones. I resolve to do or die, and, seizing a stout stick, I do eight miles off the reel, without a halt. Whilst I walk, the aches are mitigated, and, after my forty-eight hours' fast, fancy I shall be able to pick a bit at dinner. That meal is on the table; wife of my bosom suggests some delicious roast pork. At sight of it I am gone again, and sink into an easy chair, flaccid and collapsed. Olive branches round the table smile. I request a table spoonful of apple sauce, at which the olive branches smile again, and the junior twigs begin to titter. Stung with such filial ingratitude, I endeavour to annihilate them with a word and a look, and fail miserably. The aches in my body set in with redoubled violence. I am furnished with soothing medicines and narcotic drugs. Gradually the pains cease, and I find myself in a state of semi-stupefaction. I retire once more to bed, and pass another night neither asleep nor awake, but free from pain. I am entertained with the most fantastic dreams. I believe that I have entered into political combinations with Lord Salisbury, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. John Bright, and have stipulated for the Exchequer. That office being assigned to me, I immediately abolish all taxation, and suddenly find myself transformed into a race-horse, running like mad in the Cambridgeshire Stakes against Mr. Lowe on his Trojan Horse. I am ridden by the Editor of the *Sphinx*, who digs his spurs into my side, and I awake with a plunge and a prickling sensation in that locality. On referring to the spot, I find sundry marks there, as well as on my forehead.

FOURTH DAY.—On going down stairs I maliciously observe that I have been bitten by bugs. This creates a dreadful commotion, and as I don't believe it myself, and am apprehensive that the hospital will be pulled immediately to pieces and given over to scalding water, sulphur, and other potent agencies of a destructive vermin-destroying nature, I withdraw the observation. I still labour under the influence of narcotic medicine, and endeavouring to read a short memoir of the late Lord Derby, I find that I have got it all confused and jumbled up with the lives of Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel. I wander about in a confused state, eating nothing except water gruel, and am alternately hot and cold. I am recommended aperient medicines, and have recourse to the familiar oil of castor. In this manner I pass the remainder of this, and also the fifth day.

SIXTH DAY.—Slept rather better, and partook of beef-tea, which tasted not amiss. I feel myself resembling Mr. Higham's large drum, and am unusually shaky about the knees. Reflecting over my ailments, I come to the conclusion that I have been poisoned, and wonder who has been the murdering Palmer who has done the deed. I find the bug bites or beauty spots or whatever they are, increasing rapidly. On going to town, first friend meets me and remarks that I don't look well. (Mercury falls.) Second friend observes that I am looking devilish bad. (Mercury sinks again.) Third friend tells me bolt outright that I'm in a bad way, and the sooner I go home the better. (Mercury goes down to zero, and I sink into my boots.) I go home; I drink something hot. Deliberately go to bed under an avalanche of bed clothes, fall into a deep sleep, and wake up next morning with a rash all over my body, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. With the exception of a feeling that the roof of my head is on fire, I feel much better. I look in the glass and discover that my face resembles a plum pudding which has burst. I remain in bed most of this, the seventh day. On going below, I find the olive branches peering at me from behind doors, but avoiding me, by order. I am confined to two rooms, and told that I am in quarantine. I have no objection to being in quarantine, provided the olive branches do not insist in perpetual games at leap-frog, and indulge in other saltatory saturnalia in the room immediately above me. My appetite has returned. I get hold of *David Copperfield*, and laugh and cry over that masterpiece of fiction, if such it is, for the next two days. At the expiration of that time, I am perfectly well, and turn out with a clean bill of health. And so I conclude this diary with the words used by the parsons at the end of their sermons, and which our readers may supply for themselves.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

PALL MALL WIT.

WE are sorry to observe that the *Manchester Examiner* has been so indiscreet as to commend a feeble endeavour at wit on the part of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In an article on Lord Leitrim's leases, the *Pall Mall* was so foolish as to talk about the "eggs of hares and rabbits," by way of satirizing a phrase in Lord Leitrim's legal documents which speaks of the eggs and young of hares and other animals. The clumsiness of joking at the wording of a lease in an article whose readers never saw the lease and never will, is too patent to need comment. But let alone the clumsiness, it is no jest at all. Every attorney's clerk knows, or ought to do, that in the construction of legal documents words are taken to refer to such antecedents as they do actually refer to, and to such only. They are, in technical language, construed distributively. Bearing in mind this rule of law, the *Gazetteer* who tried to be funny, and only succeeded in being ridiculous, will find it impossible to put the meaning of Lord Leitrim's lease in terser phraseology than as it at present stands. The lawyer who drew it up knew his business a great deal better than the writer who criticized it. The whole matter is a trifle. A writer made a feeble jest that ought to have been passed over by everybody with compassionate silence. It is melancholy to see the *Manchester Examiner* finding in his fiasco a very delicate and subtle wit.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Marie Antoinette is not a very bad piece, not very badly put upon the stage, and not very badly acted. Mr. Brownlow Hill, who cut but a sorry figure in that melancholy exhibition called *Grace Holden*, comes out with especial credit; and Mr. Barsby, who was so ridiculous in the aforesaid exhibition, is really not absurd, upon the whole. The play is not sufficiently coherent to excite much interest, as it has obviously been devised merely to string together a few showy situations; but it bears traces of considerable stage experience, and is a very fair specimen of its class. It provides Mdlle. Beatrice with a part which is well suited to her style and foreign accent. In both *Grace Holden* and *Marie Antoinette* there has appeared a young gentleman, named Mr. Robert Astley, whose appearance here we are glad to chronicle. Mr. Astley—the original Bertie, in *Home*, at the Haymarket last season—has not yet shown much histrionic ability, or had the opportunity of doing so; but he has the manners of a gentleman, self-possession, and a most excellent tailor. We are glad to welcome such as Mr. Astley to the stage. It stands woefully in need of them. Another new play is announced as in preparation. Really, this is quite enterprizing. May it be better than the last!

THE BISHOP'S CONFIRMATIONS.

The most ardent admirer of the Bishop of Manchester can scarcely fail to observe that his confirmation arrangements are far from satisfactory. Take, as an illustration, the ceremony of Saturday last in the new church at Swinton, the last confirmation appointed for the present year. There were nearly nine hundred candidates from the various places comprised within the rural deanery of Eccles and Leigh, including Patricroft, Worsley, Eccles, Tyldesley, Atherton, and Charlestown; and as St. Peter's at Swinton is only capable of holding about a thousand people, it is obvious that little or no accommodation could be found for the congregation and friends of the candidates. A scene of discreditable confusion was the result. A correspondent who was present writes:—"After waiting until the candidates had passed into the church, I found myself in the midst of an unruly crowd of persons, was lifted off my feet, and carried bodily through the porch and into a sort of vestibule. The crowd, in fact, acted much in the same

way as at the door of a theatre. There appeared to be no order or system, and apparently no accommodation for a congregation. Just when the tumult in the vestibule was at its height, and amidst all sorts of discordant noises, a clergyman rushed frantically through the people, exclaiming, "Why do you let people come in at all. We are smothered now." Yet the Bishop was just then putting the question, "Do you, here, in the presence of God and of this *congregation*," &c. What a shame! There was no congregation there; only a rabble, and why was this? Simply because there were too many candidates for any single bishop to confirm on any single occasion, and no room for a congregation. The churches of Pendleton alone furnished more than enough candidates to have justified their having a special day set aside for them, and I am credibly informed that the clergyman at one Pendleton church had applied to the Bishop to hold a confirmation on a separate occasion, but that no answer was vouchsafed from the Diocesan Registry. A bishop in strong health would have found it difficult to confirm at one time so many as were gathered together in the church at Swinton on Saturday, and the Bishop of Manchester is not in strong health. It was distressing to watch him, as, supported by the rector, he walked feebly and totteringly across the chancel, and placed his hand upon each of the candidates." The remedy for the evil is obvious. In a large and populous diocese like Manchester confirmations ought to be held oftener, and the area contributing candidates to each should be considerably diminished. Unfortunately, the tendency is all the other way. In 1868 the Bishop held seventeen confirmations; this year only twelve; whilst the appointments for next year have dwindled down to nine. Under the circumstances, is it surprising that, when Bishop Lee's name is mentioned, one hears also a hinting whisper of the Bishops' Resignation Act?

ALEXANDRA PARK.

Rumour has busied itself of late with the new park in Hulme, and an impression prevails that the place is being rapidly brought to completion. This impression is scarcely accurate. True, at various places within the elaborate wall, lengthy compositions set forth the regulations to be enforced in the government of the place—compositions, by the way, so muffled in a cloud of legal verbiage as to be hopelessly puzzling, if not absolutely unintelligible. But seen in the autumn haze, the park realizes to perfection the idea of dreary desolation. The surrounding wall is the only feature of the place which is not absolutely distressing to look at. In a very small portion of the park adjacent to Alexandra Road some beds have been laid out, and shrubs planted, and an attempt has been made to make a pathway passable. Elsewhere nothing but wilderness meets the view. Mounds of sand or clay, heaps of sods, huge pits but half filled with sodden rubbish, grass trodden into a muddy solution alone strike the attention. How the flat, treeless expanse of clayey land which at present constitutes the park can at any time be made picturesque or other than ugly it is not easy to foresee. The anxiety manifested by the erection of numerous boards, bearing the announcement that "no persons are allowed in this portion of the park," is surely unnecessary. There is nothing about the appearance of the park as yet in the least likely to attract trespassers.

THE CRIME OF SLEEPING IN A HAY-LOFT.

We should like to ask the attention of Mr. Alfred Aspland and the Prisoners' Aid Society to a sentence passed at the Ashton County Sessions some three weeks ago. The circumstances are thus reported in a Hyde paper—the *North Cheshire Herald*—of October 16:—

> VAGRANCY.—John Ford was placed in the dock, at the Ashton County Sessions, on Wednesday, on a charge of vagrancy at Haughton. Constable Norris found the prisoner sleeping in a hayshed belonging to Messrs. Shaw, colliery proprietors, Haughton, at half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning. As his reason for being there he alleged he was too far from home. He lived at Castle Hill, Bredbury. Sent to prison for a month.

Imprisoned for a month for sleeping in a hay-loft! The details of the case, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, only deepen the impression that there has been a deplorable miscarriage of justice, or rather perpetration of injustice. Ford, it appears, is over sixty years of age, inoffensive, and without a blemish on his character. His employer, for whom this so-called "vagrant" has worked twenty-five years, attended the court to speak for him, and offered to pay any fine in order to procure the old man's liberty. Moreover, Ford, who was three miles from home, had made his bed in the hay-loft with the knowledge and consent of his brother, who has been employed on the farm 14 years. If these facts are true, and we have them from most excellent authority, the sentence passed by the Ashton county magistrates is inexplicable, and we trust it will not escape the notice of the Home Secretary and the honourable member for the borough. We have referred to the Prisoners' Aid Society, but not because we think Ford will need aid when he comes out of gaol on Wednesday next. The New York association of that name, as we gather from its valuable annual report just received in this country, endeavours to meet the evil, of which Ford's case is an illustration, by securing counsel for men under arrest who are unable to pay for legal assistance. By this plan they diminish the number of convictions very considerably, and thus their society fulfils a double object—it prevents as well as cures the defects of the prison and police system. Might not our Prisoners' Aid Society extend its operations in a similar direction?

TRAMWAYS IN NEW YORK AND MANCHESTER.

As tramways will shortly become a matter of great local interest, it is worth while to point out that the New York plan, described by our last week's correspondent on this subject, is quite impracticable here. New York is a new city, and laid out in a peculiarly convenient fashion for the system advocated in his letter. The people there had no rooted prejudices disturbed by the flange principle. They would not tolerate, and they would be quite right in not tolerating, here, having to go out of town on one line and to come into town on another. Is a lady bent upon a call on Cheetham Hill Road to be compelled to trudge across the dirty brick-hills into Higher Broughton, before she can find a 'bus to take her back to town? The idea is monstrous. Again, we can't have Albert Square turned into a big livery stable, wherein horses may be unhooked at one end of every 'bus in the town, and hooked on at the other. Indeed, nearly all the American omnibus improvements seem to us improvements the wrong way. It is difficult to understand how depositing the fares in a locked box prevents theft. It is simply relying upon the passengers instead of the conductor. There is nothing to prevent the driver letting all his friends ride free; and does our correspondent rejoice in the belief that passengers are one whit more honest than guards? Happy man! How the unfortunate driver can stand up to his work all day, and see that nobody gets off without paying, as well as give change and drive, we can't conceive. Suppose he sees a passenger sneaking off, is he to leave his car and horses to the care of providence, while he runs after him? Is there in Manchester a man with soul so dead as to tolerate omnibuses without seats outside? Could there be a more fruitful cause of accidents than "wide grooves" below the level of the street? And finally, is it not the very last knock on the head flange tramways want, to say that no other vehicles can go upon them but the cars? As an "entire stranger," we are certainly struck with wonder; but the "subsequently," when we ought to be struck with admiration, has not yet arrived.

DESERTED CHURCHES.

SACRED TRINITY, SALFORD.

ON a fine morning in autumn, *one* traveller might be seen descending with precipitation the declivities of Market Street, Manchester. The day was Sunday. The mere mention, indeed, of the declivities of Market Street shows that Sunday it must have been, since, by some geological or other natural or unnatural arrangement, they are only visible on that day, when, by a corresponding or correlative law, churchwardens and clean clothes, sextons and shining faces, are found exhibiting themselves in congenial company. The traveller having acted on the Scottish proverb, "Make a good breakfast and dinna forget," was not to be confounded with the Forbes-Mackenzian, or even the Leo-Withingtonitis variety; so, passing the Rialto with a glance, he successively encountered Mrs. Bakewell's, Dan's, and the "Blackfriars" without a sigh, and found himself on the bridge of that ilk—the bridge that, in the old toll-gavel days, used to be said to separate Manchester from Salford. Here it is time to inform the reader, if he shall have so far accompanied us, that the traveller was none other than ourself, and that we were bound on an expedition to find out the Church of

the Sacred Trinity, which, if we remember aright, "got into the papers" some two or three years ago. On our way home from that paradise of the broker and the commission agent, the Liverpool cotton market, we had seen from the railway an ambitious sort of a church-tower, vainly stretching up its neck to present its clock-face to our oft-belated gaze; but we could not quite make out its whereabouts. In fact, we began to think it a church of progress, for at one time we should come upon it directly after leaving Ordsal Lane, and at others it seemed somewhere between Ben Lang's and Ben Palatine, that steep rock where Hunt's Bank doth "seriously incline." After pondering these things, while peering between the balusters of the bridge "upon the brimming river," we came to Chapel Street, and found we were at about equal distances from the foot of Victoria Bridge on the right and the place of our quest on the left. So to the left we turned.

Sacred Trinity Church stands, in a kind of rhomboidal square, on the right hand side of the road from Blackfriars Bridge to Bolton. The external appearance of the church is not attractive. Its low, squat figure, and stumpy tower, suggest the notion of the horizontal rather than the perpendicular Gothic; but our recent studies in architecture lead us to call it the Later Salford Undecorated, and we feel sure it is the only building of that style extant. The church was originally built and endowed by Humphrey Booth, in 1634, and rebuilt in 1752, four years earlier than St. Mary's, Manchester, of which we lately spoke, and with which it compares unfavourably in architecture, but which, in many other respects, it greatly resembles. Having dissatisfied ourself sufficiently with our contemplation of the outside, we presented ourself to the notice of a sleek elderly gentleman who stood at the porch-door, rubbing his hands and gazing about him with the energy of a Mosley Street "Hooker." He modestly suggested to us an offer of a seat, and we, blandly assenting, were conducted into a pew in the middle of the ground-floor of the church, and straightway gave our due attention to the service, which had just previously begun. The body or nave of the church is filled with substantial straight backed pews, of oak, or some dark wood, on each side of a roomy passage, and face to the east. There are traces that the three-decker of the Georgian era once stood at the head of the main aisle, forming one of the "horrors of the middle passage." It has not so much disappeared as that it has been disestablished. The reading-desk has been converted into a sort of stall, at the near end of the south or right hand choir bench, and the pulpit stands alone on the opposite side, near the wall, and just at the corner where the chancel is supposed to begin; while what has evidently been the clerk's desk stands half way between them, and is used for reading the Lessons from, as an eagle or lectern. So the old materials have been very economically used up. The organ is placed, as usual, at the tower end, in the gallery, and the singing is done, plainly and fairly, by a small surpliced choir, on benches, vis-à-vis, at the end of the middle aisle pews. Galleries, large for the size of the place, are on each side of the church, supported by heavy mahogany-cased pillars, about the width of a pew square; pews, again, are on each side of the side aisles.

The prayers were read and the sermon preached by the rector, the Rev. Edward Allen, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. Mr. Allen has one quality in common with the "imberbis Apollo"—his smooth face, but the resemblance ends there. He bears a singular likeness to the old royal family, or George the Third, or Louis XVI. face. The sloping forehead, the aquiline nose, and the heavy jowl—all the old features were there. We do not know that he claims any kinship with such blue blood; indeed, we have heard that like Mr. Disraeli, he once served part of his time to an attorney. But whether he despaired of ever understanding the mysterious differences always existing between John Doe and Richard Roe, or an astute parent saw an opportunity of getting him a good income without severe intellectual exertion, we know not. But of a sudden he exchanged the study of the Law for that of the Gospel, and as soon as qualified was inducted into the living of the church where he now is, and has been since 1860.

The style of service was faulty Anglican. The sermon was, we should think, one of those lithographed "equal to MS." at 1s. 3d. per dozen, and it was about worth the money. There was no offertory or collection. The congregation consisted of two or three women and girls in about every alternate pew in the body, and we distinctly saw four people in the south aisle, in pews on the wall side. We could not see the south gallery, but in the north there was a row of five girls, who looked like the first class in the Sunday school, if there is one, and we rather think there is, for we saw a class of eight in a pew by themselves down stairs. A labouring man, the only representative of his class in the church, or of his sex in the gallery (except, perhaps, the organist), blundered his way in when the service was half over, and down stairs we saw four respectable-looking men besides the officials. We estimated the whole congregation coming out at fifty. Not even a Salford Hundred, thought we! The interior of the church is not so much out of actual repair; though we did see the lath or woodwork through a hiatus or break in the plaster of the chancel arch, as it is dirty, dingy, dull, cheerless, and uncomfortable. The income of the church, we see by the official *Calendar*, is set down at £1,296, and the rector, no doubt, pockets the whole of it. We saw no sign and heard no whisper of any curate. No "sister" graced any quiet corner. There is, according to the same *Calendar*, sittings in the church for 516 people, and an estimated population of 12,192 in the parish. As to lay assistance, such as Scripture Reader, Bible or Mission woman, or district nurse, we cannot speak, but we saw none such at the service.

We find on reference to Mr. Harland's edition of Barnes's *History of Lancashire*, that the total income of the Salford Charities amount to £1,631 13s. 4d., and that these are so employed as to diminish, by one half, the poor rate that would be payable in Salford. One of these, a gift in 1672 by Humphrey Booth, grandson of the founder of the church, was intended by the donor to be "for the repair of the Chapel of Salford, and in case there be any overplus to be distributed among the poor of Salford." The income of this, according to the same chronicle, was, "in 1867, about £680, and is devoted to repairing Trinity Chapel, Salford, and to the relief of the poor in small weekly sums." Is it? We hope the poor are better off for it than the church, that is, the material fabric.

Our pew faced a double east window, through which the mid-day light streamed full in our eyes, undimmed by the smallest fragment of stained glass. However, we could see the distant buildings, erected upon almost the very spot where the "Popish recusant" was confined in a loathsome dungeon, and there managed to compose the hymn which, though translated, has almost the fervour of the original,

Jerusalem! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!

If the exalted piety and rapture which pervade these lines came from a prison on the now Victoria Bridge, we cannot be permitted to despair even of Sacred Trinity, Salford.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

A CHAPTER FROM THE ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.

FIFTEEN thousand pounds have this year been cheerfully voted by the British Parliament to provide the elaborate scientific apparatus required for the due observation of a Transit of Venus which will not occur until the December of 1874. The Astronomer Royal has completed his programme for the expenditure of the money, and science hopes for important results from the phenomenon, if carefully observed under favourable circumstances. It may bring still nearer to accuracy our estimate of the earth's distance from the sun, in the long-accepted computation of which a grave error has of late years been discovered. All must wish for the success of the interesting enterprise, and certainly, if there is to be failure, it will not be due to any lack of forethought, or of scientific apparatus. The chief governments and astronomers of the world will be associated with those of Great Britain in the expeditions to the uttermost parts of the earth, already planned, for the performance of the somewhat distant task. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between this pomp of preparation and the circumstances under which the first recorded observation of the transit of Venus was made by a Lancashire youth, poor and obscure, unaided and alone, and furnished with the scantiest scientific appliances. There are many Lancashire Worthies more celebrated than JEREMIAH HORROCKS, but of few has his native county more reason to be proud.

He was born in 1619, near Liverpool, at Toxteth Park, then an insignificant village in the vicinity of an unimportant haven, now a wealthy

and populous suburb of one of the greatest sea-ports in the world. Of his family and their circumstances nothing definite is known, but it may be surmised that they were of the middle rank, and of means far from affluent. Concerning his childhood, boyhood, and early education, nothing can be discovered. After his birth, the first ascertained fact in his biography is that, on the 18th of May, 1632, at or about the age of thirteen, he was entered a sizar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. That he went to the University as a sizar betokens poverty, and in his writings there are several allusions to the obstructions which narrow circumstances interposed to his cultivation of science. Even had it been otherwise, however, Cambridge would have done little for his advancement in what became his favourite pursuit. For the study of the classics the University gave due opportunity and assistance; and it is evident, from his Latin prose and verse, that Horrocks was a fair classical scholar. But physical, and even mathematical, science was neglected at Cambridge. The year of his admission to Emmanuel was, by a rather curious coincidence, that also of the famous Wallis, who afterwards edited the works of Horrocks. In an account of his studies at Cambridge, Wallis speaks of himself as having "diverted to astronomy and geography as parts of natural philosophy, though," he adds, "at that time they were scarce looked upon with us as academical studies then in fashion." Still more emphatic testimony to the neglect of science at Cambridge is given by the biographer of Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who made himself a scientific name, and who was admitted of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, in the same year of 1632. "In the college library," we are told, "Mr. Ward found by chance some books that treated of the mathematics, and they being wholly new to him, he enquired all the college over for a guide to instruct him in that way, but all his search was in vain. These books were Greek, I mean unintelligible, to all the fellows of his college."

After a few years Horrocks returned to Toxteth, and undoubtedly he took orders. Whether he had some humble clerical duty to perform at Toxteth is uncertain; but it is almost certain that when, in the June of 1639, he removed from his native place, he became curate of Hoole, near Southport. It must have been a modest curacy, as Hoole itself was a mere chapel of ease to Croston. Though now a thriving township, partly reclaimed from the swamp, and resonant with the power-loom and the stir of a thousand inhabitants, Hoole, when Horrocks went to it, was nothing more than "a narrow strip of land, having a large extent of moss on the east and west, the waters of Martin-Mere and the Douglas on the south, and the overflow of the Ribble on the north." Between this desolate spot and his native Toxteth the home of Horrocks alternated during the few years which were all that were vouchsafed him of life after he quitted the university. Probably it was at Cambridge that, like Seth Ward, he was first attracted by the chance perusal of some book or books on science to the study of astronomy. Small as was the extraneous aid which the university could then give him in the cultivation of science, smaller still was any afforded him at such places as Toxteth and Hoole. The difficulties which confronted him when he first resolved to devote himself to astronomy, and the spirit in which he resolved to grapple with them, have been recorded by himself in touching language. "There were many hindrances," he says. "The abstruse nature of the study, my inexperience, and want of means dispirited me. I was much pained not to have anyone to whom to look for guidance, or, indeed, for the sympathy of companionship in my endeavours; and I was assailed by the languor and weariness which are inseparable from every great undertaking. What then was to be done? I could not make the pursuit an easy one, much less increase my fortune, and least of all imbue others with a love for astronomy; and yet to complain of philosophy on account of its difficulties would be foolish and unworthy. I determined, therefore, that the tediousness of study should be overcome by industry; my poverty (failing a better method) by patience; and that, instead of a master, I would use astronomical books. Armed with these weapons, I would contend successfully; and having heard of others acquiring knowledge without greater help, I would blush that anyone should be able to do more than I, always remembering that word of Virgil's—

Totidem nobis animæque manusque."

This was the brave and determined spirit in which Jeremiah Horrocks began and continued *his* "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and as usual in such cases, the difficulties were conquered. One easily fancies that at Toxteth, without the cure of souls, and at Hoole with it, the young student, accomplished in classics and mathematics, made or eked out a slender income by teaching in school or parlour. He would deny himself, we may be sure, almost everything in order to buy books, his only possible teachers, and at one time before his death, he had collected a very fair little library, his own catalogue of which has been preserved. Chief among its contents were the principal works of Kepler, and after due comparison with, and even temporary seduction by, certain of Kepler's rivals and depreciators, Horrocks learned to admire the great astronomer with a wise enthusiasm too rare among the contemporaries of both of them. Better even than books, he had the faculty of observation, and the perseverance with which he employed it was rewarded by results sufficient to inspire him, by degrees, with a just confidence in the genius bestowed on him by heaven as bountifully as on German or Italian. His astronomical apparatus might be scanty, but it was with a mere opera-glass that Galileo had discovered the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter He might be poor, but still more harassing than his had been the battle fought with poverty by Kepler, and yet Kepler's unwearied diligence in observing, added to magnificent audacity in theorizing, had enabled the great German to irradiate his mournful destiny by the discovery of the three laws which immortalize his name. Horrocks scanned the heavens night after night, and compared the results of his observations with those of famous predecessors and contemporaries. He discovered errors even in his beloved Kepler, and from accumulating data, he proceeded to generalize and form theories of his own. Even the sympathy and companionship, the absence of which he had lamented at the commencement of his studies, was given him as he proceeded. In 1636 we find him in steady correspondence with William Crabtree, described as "a clothier," living at "Broughton, near Manchester," then a hamlet adjacent to, now a populous suburb of "the metropolis of industry." Crabtree, of whom more ought to be than is known, was himself an enthusiastic student of astronomy, and diligent observer of the heavens, besides being the friend and correspondent of more than one man memorable in the English annals of the science. With Horrocks he kept up continual communication (which was occasionally personal as well as epistolary), and another of his correspondents was William Gascoygne, of Middleton, in Yorkshire, said to have been the first person who used two convex glasses in the telescope, undoubtedly the inventor of the micrometer, and who, unfortunately for science, died like Horrocks, prematurely, falling in the bloody fight of Marston Moor, where he bore arms with the King against the Parliament. Many of the letters of Horrocks to Crabtree have been printed, and they are full of interest, though chiefly a scientific one. It was Crabtree whom he made his confidant when after careful observation and computation he discovered, in the October of 1639, that, on the 24th of the ensuing month, there was to be a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, a phenomenon which Kepler himself had failed to predict, and which no astronomer since the world began had been known to observe. Hoole, in its wilderness of marsh and moss, was far away from the scientific world. There was no *Times* to write to, and in which to point the attention of brother astronomers to the coming event. In England, indeed, practical astronomy was then chiefly in the hands of such scattered cultivators as the Crabtrees and Gascoygnes. Nine years had elapsed since Kepler's death, and Galileo was old, blind, and in terror of the inquisition. At home, Sir Isaac Newton was not yet born; Wallis and Hooke had not written; while the civic strife was beginning to which Gascoygne was to fall a victim on Marston Moor, and by which science was to be eclipsed for a season. And even had circumstances been more favourable to scientific observation, there was little time, in those days of very imperfect "postal communication," to announce the coming transit to the world that lay beyond Hoole. The discovery of the event preceded its occurrence by only a few weeks, and Horrocks, writing to Crabtree and bidding him watch and observe on the predicted day, mentions only one mutual friend, Foster, the Gresham lecturer in London, whom it would be well to inform of what was expected. As the time drew nigh, Horrocks was all anxiety and expectation, and to make assurance doubly sure, he began to watch on the forenoon of the 23rd. His simple apparatus was a telescope adjusted in an aperture made in a darkened room, so that the image of the sun should fall perpendicularly on, and exactly fill, a circle of about six inches inscribed on a piece of paper, and

divided into 360 degrees. In his interesting little Latin tract, the *Venus in sole visa*, overflowing with a beautiful enthusiasm, a poetry and genuine devotion, which give it a singular personal charm, Horrocks has described what was seen, or at least observed, by no eyes but his and Crabtree's. From noon on the 23rd, so long as the sun was above the horizon, he watched for four and twenty hours with only one significant intermission. The twenty-fourth of November in 1639 fell on a Sunday, and he describes himself as watching on that day "from sunrise to nine o'clock, and from a little before ten until noon, and at one in the afternoon, being called away in the intervals by business of the highest importance, which for these ornamental pursuits I could not with propriety neglect." In point of fact, the Rev. Jeremiah Horrocks had to perform morning and afternoon service to his simple and scanty flock in the modest church or chapel at Hoole; and, for once in his life, it may be suspected, he was a little—a very little—glad when both were over, and he could rush back to his darkened room, with its telescope and disc of paper. "About fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, when I was again at liberty to continue my labours, the clouds, as if by divine interposition, were entirely dispersed, and I was once more invited to the grateful task of repeating my observations. I then beheld a most agreeable spectacle, the object of my sanguine wishes: a spot of unusual magnitude, and of a perfectly circular shape, so that the limbs of the Sun and Venus precisely coincided, forming an angle of contact. Not doubting that this was really the shadow of the planet, I immediately applied myself sedulously to observe it." The happy Horrocks had been rewarded, and for half an hour, until the sun began to set, he made his unique and fruitful observations.

A year and a few months ran their course after this memorable scientific achievement, and the young Lancashire astronomer was no more. He had completed for publication his *Venus in sole visa*, and had accepted an invitation to pay a visit to Broughton and his friend Crabtree, who was to expect him on the 4th of January, 1641, "if," as he wrote, seemingly with a kind of presentiment, "nothing unforeseen should occur." Horrocks died "very suddenly," the mourning Crabtree recorded, how or of what disease is unknown, on the 3rd of January, 1641—the day before the expected meeting with his friend—in the twenty-second year of his age. His *Venus in sole visa* remained in manuscript until 1660, when a copy of it came into the hands of the great Huygens, from whom it passed into those of the great Hevelius, and by him was published, to the joy of the scientific world. The rest of his scientific "remains" were afterwards "redacted" by his former contemporary at Emmanuel, the mathematician Wallis. They were published in 1671 at the expense of the Royal Society. To the unscientific, Horrocks is known, if at all, as the first observer of a transit of Venus, but the scientific claim for him still higher honours of discovery and induction. We write for the unscientific, and must be content with a mere allusion to what this Lancashire youth of 22 had achieved for astronomy before the birth of Newton, some of whose grandest achievements are foreshadowed, or even anticipated, in his works. "Amongst his discoveries are"—a mural tablet, in comparatively recent years erected to his memory in his own church at Hoole, records briefly, and not inaccurately—"the nearest approximation to the sun's parallax, the correct theory of the moon, and the transit of Venus." Herschel calls him "the pride and boast of British astronomy;" and the foremost of European astronomers and historians of astronomy—from Halley to Airy—from Delambre to Whewell—have delighted to do him honour. Describing the moon's orbit as an ellipse about the earth, with its centre in the lower focus, Sir Isaac Newton assigns the first determination of the fact to Horrocks:—"*Horoccius noster primus statuit.*" To have been thus signalized in the *Principia* as a discoverer, is itself immortality. Other panegyric can add little to the fame of Jeremiah Horrocks.

THE MANCHESTER MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition building (lent by the Messrs. Birley, and situated in Hulme Street, Oxford Street) is a large shed for storing yarn. It is about a hundred feet square, and apparently quite new. One half of it is used for the actual exhibition; the other half being taken up by the Lecture, or Meeting Room, the Refreshment Room, sundry private offices, and—we mention it last, though in point of interest it should come first—the Palestine Exploration Room, which, in our opinion, is worth all the rest of the exhibition put together. The great room is divided into nave and side-aisles by two lofty rows of cases, full of all manner of curiosities from all four quarters of the globe. Similar cases line the walls. At one end is a small but remarkably sweet-toned organ; at the other a "Chinese Pavilion," abounding in uncouth monsters, intricate carvings, lanterns, porcelain, and all sorts of interesting and beautiful rarities from the Celestial Empire. In front of the organ, and in the centre of the nave, are two African thrones, like anything and everything except thrones, and proving that their African majesties must either have iron frames, or uneasy seats. Above these is suspended a royal canopy, embroidered underneath with cheerful representations of native executions. The canopy and one of the thrones were—we can scarcely suppose contributed by the King of Dahomey, but at least, at some time or another, his property. Looking round from this central point of observation, the *coup d'œil* is very pretty, and reflects all credit on the executive committee. The open beams across the room, and the spaces between these and the roof, have been covered with canvas, whereon have been cleverly painted views in Africa, Australia, and Polynesia, with illuminated and illustrative texts underneath. For instance, near the organ, is a beautiful representation of sunlight upon the ocean, while underneath is the appropriate text, "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light." These pictures and texts give a wonderful finish to the exhibition. Somewhere about 4,000 articles are exhibited, many of them rare specimens of rare skill; wonderfully embroidered fabrics from the looms of Cashmere and other parts of India; specimens of every sort of costume, from South Australian "petticoats of grass and bark," not unlike, we should fancy, the fig-leaf aprons of our first parents, to the gorgeous robes of an Eastern Prince; arms and armour in all varieties, from the North American tomahawk and Australian boomerang, from the breast-plate of 3,000 dogs' teeth of the Sandwich Isles, the rude shield of some Central African tribe, and the poisoned Javanese creese, to the Damascene blade of wondrous value because inimitable workmanship, and the suits of mail, inlaid with gold, and chain armour, like silk to look at, as fine and soft and delicate, and yet capable of resisting sword or spear. There are models, too, of temples, boats, figures, fruits, idols—*real* idols, of every form and size—all sorts of ornaments; beetles from the West Indies; work-boxes from Southern India and Ceylon——there, there, that will do—everything from everywhere; and a capital collection of prints and photograms, representing eccentric fellow-creatures in eccentric dress, or none at all.

Still—and "still" is an ugly word to creep in while speaking of a work undertaken with a charitable, we should rather say a religious object—still, we have seen the same sort of thing before. Museums, and continual exhibitions, such, for instance, as the one at Peel Park, have taken off, we fear, the edge of public appetite for collections of curiosities. It is true that, for a collection of its size, we never saw one better put together, nor, indeed, so well. It is true also that there are many articles here from private cabinets, which we might look for in vain elsewhere; and some cases, especially those of Eastern weapons and armour, deserve long and careful inspection, but we fear that many people will not draw these nice distinctions. Moreover, it will need all the lectures set down in the programme, and more, to induce the majority of visitors to make a *missionary* use of their visit. Works of art and skill, manufactures and curiosities, do not necessarily point to missionaries and missionary labour, unless these works are so barbarous and brutal as to show urgent need for civilization, and therefore for religion. The war-club of the Maori, the Car of Juggernaut, or the slave-irons from Africa, tell their story plainly enough; but the carvings, weapons, ornaments, and clothing, of exquisite workmanship and design, which abound in this exhibition, show rather what civilization can do without Christianity than how much civilization and Christianity are identical. But to proceed with our tour of inspection.

There is one room which, as we have said, is really well worth seeing, even by the most wearied habitué of exhibitions. In a small apartment through which you enter the Lecture Room, is an admirable model of Ancient Jerusalem, on the scale of two inches to 175 feet. The modeller, Mons. Tenz, delivers a descriptive lecture, at short intervals. Near to this is a model in wood of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, on a very large scale. Round the walls are a series of photograms of the recent explorations at the Holy City, taken under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Society, and exceedingly interesting. There are also many relics of the ancient city, as, for instance, a carved piece of cedar wood, supposed, on good evidence, to have formed part of Herod's Temple. This room, to use a somewhat vulgar phrase, is well worth all the money.

If the attendance at the opening meeting be any criterion of the popularity of the exhibition, the committee have already reason to congratulate themselves. There were any number of ladies and clergymen, four M.P.'s, and the Bishop. We hope the good wishes of the speakers may be realized.

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The carriage is a close corporation, roomy, elegant, and with all imaginable means and appliances for a luxurious journey. It is divided into six seats, which are, in fact, capacious arm-chairs, daintily cushioned, with a soft support for the back and head, ample racks for your carpet bags and boxes, a frame for your hat, as it is taken for granted you know enough to travel in a light cap, and convenient supports for the arm If you are travelling with a party, though not large enough to fill the carriage, you will most probably be the sole occupants; otherwise, you will have a chance to see some excellent specimens of the British population. The men are generally asleep, or buried in their newspapers, the custom elsewhere; though often you find them communicative, always obliging and courteous, and sometimes chatty and agreeable. John Bull is certainly not always the rough crabbed fellow that he is taken for, and if you treat him well, and let him have his own way, you will find him an interesting, and frequently an instructive, companion on the road. I have picked up a deal of information in this way, though I believe I have never asked a question of a stranger until he had first set me the example himself.

In every part of England that I have visited, the road passes over a delicious landscape. The depth and freshness of the verdure is a perpetual surprise. You are struck with the general absence of forest, and even solitary

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trees are comparatively few. The fields everywhere show the consummate thrift and care of English husbandry, every acre is a picture, and as Emerson remarks, appears to have been cultivated with the pencil rather than the plough. The busy manufacturing villages which you see at a little distance, with the smoke of many furnaces, refresh the brilliant monotony of Engli-h agriculture, and relieve the eye from the spectacle of its dazzling splendours. But the dim haze which begins to hover over the landscape, and the charming rural villas which display their enchantments on each side, remind me that we are fast approaching the great metropolis of commercial civilization. The train rolls solemnly through several dingy streets, till we come to a stop at the grand station in Euston Square. The cabs stand at a respectful distance outside the inclosure, and wait for the summons of passengers, without urging their services. You have the astonishing outfit for a protracted European tour, and look for a carriage that can bear a small, well-packed house on the top. One of this description soon answers to your call, and with a nod to the attentive porter, who has meekly presented himself a few minutes since, you point out the van in which you left your baggage on starting from Liverpool. You need no check, for there are but few trunks beside your own. They have been so distributed at intervals throughout the train as to prevent any inconvenient accumulation at a single point. The porter, in grim silence, dives into the van, drawing out your heavy trunks, as if they were all handboxes, and shouldering the most mountainous one, with the ease of a young giant, deposits them on the one-horse coach in the twinkling of an eye. A bright shilling seems to make him perfectly happy, and you depart in triumph, wondering whether the ancient craft that bears you will not break down before you reach your hotel. But there is no danger on that score. The carriage is stronger than it looks, and rattles through the streets as if it were burdened only with a feather's weight. The good horse too is full of nerve and pluck. His muscles seem made of brass, and his sinews of steel. With a load which no American coachman would take with two horses, he trots gaily off without a suspicion of severe treatment. For all this service, three silver shillings, considerably more than the legal fare, satisfies the cabman that he has fallen into generous hands, and he inly vows, from henceforth, to seek only American patrons. How much the same service would have cost in New York, I have neither room nor patience to calculate.

Say what you will of the arrangements of railroad travelling in America, and especially of the convenience of baggage checks, I cannot but give my preference to the English system. At the end of the journey you feel far less nervous and weary than at home. The trip has been a positive pleasure, instead of a worry and an annoyance. To be sure, if you lose a trunk, you have perhaps more difficulty in recovering it; but the chance of loss, under the English management, is comparatively small. I have spoken only of the first-class carriages, the second being scarcely fit for ladies, and the third little better than cattle-stalls.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of the Sphinx.

Dear Sir,—As you so fairly open your columns to outsiders who wish to give their opinions as to matters treated therein, may I take the liberty of occupying a small space with mine? I have read the letter of "T." in last week's issue upon the "conversion" of the Jews, and I fear that his rema-ks will tend to increase the prejudice under which the society he refers to already labours, through a popular misconception of its object. I am not a member of it, nor do I subscribe to its funds, but I know something of it. It is not, as it is usually designated, "The Society for the Conversion of the Jews," but "The Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews," and in the advertisement by which "T." states he was invited to attend a meeting for the "conversion" of the Jews, there is no reference to that whatever.

The society does not profess to attempt the conversion of the Jews. "Conversion" it holds to be a radical change in a man's heart, a change from indifference to God and things good to a warm love for God and a heart-felt faith in Christ, and it thinks that lukewarm and nominal Christians stand as much in need of this conversion as any Jew whatever. The work of conversion, however, it believes to be beyond the effort of any society in the world, and therefore leaves it to a higher power, but it desires to lead those to know the Lord Christ who believe not in him because they know him not. When tempted to follow in the wake of popular prejudice against this society, we ought to remember that our Lord Himself commanded that His Gospel should be preached first to the Jews, and St. Paul, who was himself "an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin," and who, just as "T." has done, bore his people record, "that they have a zeal of God," nevertheless said, that his "heart's desire and prayer to God for them was, that they might be saved. Nay, more, he said that he had "great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart," and could wish that he himself "were accursed from Christ," for his brethren, "his kinsmen according to the flesh."

I recognize as heartily as "T." does, the nobility and excellence of Sir Moses Montefiore's character, and I believe that there are hundreds of Jews of like nature, whose charity and good deeds are not so world known as those of the eminent baronet. I believe, also, with St. Peter "that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him," and I think that to every sincere seeker after truth, God will teach His own truth, in His own way, as He did Cornelius, the Roman soldier. But believing, also, that Christ is real and Christianity is true, I think it is our duty while fully recognizing the good that there is in others, to endeavour with all charity and kindness to lead them to what is still better, and to induce them to enquire into the truth of those things which we ourselves believe.

I was not present at the meeting to which "T." refers, nor have I seen a report of its proceedings, but I regret as much as he can do if anything was said inconsistent with good taste or good feeling. The principles and objects of the society, however, ought not to be judged by the utterances of a few only of its members. One of the most eminent of its supporters was the late Dr. McCaul, of London, an excellent Hebrew scholar, and thoroughly versed in Rabbinical Literature, and he was respected both by Jew and Gentile. Doubtless, there are many like him in feeling, if few in learning. I have to apologize, Mr. Editor, for thus feebly taking up your space, but I was anxious to do what little I could to correct a popular error with regard to this society, and to remove some of the consequent prejudice with reference to its work. I am quite sure that Dr. Temple, for whom "T." has such a high regard, would endorse the opinions to which I have given expression.—I am, your most obedient servant,

C. F. R.

2nd November, 1869.

Where there is no law there is no freedom.—*John Locke.*

"Mus. Doc." being rather an awkward degree, "Fiddle D. D." is recommended as the proper thing for musicians.—*American Paper.*

When someone advised Lycurgus to establish a popular government in Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make a trial of it in thy own family."—*Plutarch.*

What must I do, is all that concerns me, not what other people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.—*Emerson.*

Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton that sold besoms. A proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust, to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly. They'll ne'er ask thee again. I shall be dunning thee every day,"

Old Bumblebee.—This was the cognomen of Mr. Thoms, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old fellow, on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical, and not likely to be broken. Uncle Thoms, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. But the rarest freak of all was, when he ran through the streets with his hands about three feet asunder held before him, begging the passers by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

ROWLAND HILL.—The popularity which Rowland Hill, during a long series of years, enjoyed as a preacher was partly owing to his eccentricities. He once commenced a sermon by shouting, "Matches, matches, matches!" "You wonder," he continued, in a loud voice, "at my text; but this morning, while I was engaged in my study, the devil whispered me, 'Ah, Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble, and how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls!' At that very moment a man passed under my window crying 'Matches' very lustily, and conscience said to me, 'Rowland, Rowland! you never laboured to save souls with half the zeal that this man does to sell matches.'"

SYDNEY SMITH ON BISHOPS.—What a blessing to this country would a real bishop be! A man who thought it the first duty of Christianity to allay the bad passions of mankind, and to reconcile contending sects with each other. Scarcely any bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanatics. The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. They are armed against logic and remonstrance, but they are puzzled in a labyrinth of wines, disarmed by facilities and concessions, and introduced to a new world, come away thinking more of hot and cold, and dry and sweet, than of Newman, Keble, and Pusey. So mouldered away Hannibal's army at Capua! So the primitive and perpendicular prig of Puseyism is softened into practical wisdom, and coaxed into common sense! Providence gives us generals, and admirals, and Chancellors of the Exchequer; but I never remember in my time a real bishop—a grave, elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in Parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the Government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits upon mankind.—*Rev. Sydney Smith's Works.*

MACREADY AND THE PROPERTY MAN.—During the last season of Mr. Macready's management, Phil Stone the property man, had given some offence, and was discharged from his long-held office. Not knowing what to do, he opened a tripe shop in Drury lane. It was during some very hot weather in the June following his dismissal, that Mr. George Weiland, a great wag in his way, informed him that the eminent lessee, though he had discharged him, would like to give him a turn, and said he was to have a hot sheep's head brought into Mr. Macready's dressing-room on such an evening, so that after his great fatigue he might enjoy it. Accordingly, Phil Stone brought his delicious morsal (as he thought) into the dressing-room, spread the little cloth, put the plate, knife, and fork, a little salt, and the smoking hot dish in the centre, and, further, in acknowledgment of the honour conferred, presented the lessee with a cool pint of porter, in a new and highly polished pewter pot. The tragedy over, in stalked Macready, almost fainting with fatigue, and the excessive heat of the night. Phil Stone had squeezed himself into a remote corner of the room, in anticipation of the uncontrolled delight the great man would experience on beholding and devouring the hot sheep's head. No sooner had Macready entered the room, than he exclaimed in a tragic tone, "Why, what's this? from whence proceeds this obnoxious smell?" Phil Stone, who was not quite clear as to the literal meaning of the word obnoxious, thought it might be an expression of delight. Darting out of his corner, and rubbing his hands with joy, he said, "It's the sheep's head you ordered, all hot, sir."—"Hot, sir!" exclaimed the lessee, "sheep's head! What does it all mean? Get out of the place, you little rascal, or I'll—— umph," and the tragedian showed his teeth. In a twinkling poor Phil Stone bundled up the whole affair, and scampered out of the room in a perfect fever, which was partially cooled by the entire contents of the pint pot being showered over him.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—Prosperity to Manchester; E.D.; Heroes of War, &c; Hilliard.

OUT OF PRINT.—In consequence of an extraordinary and unprecedentedly large demand, the last number of the *Sphinx* is entirely out of print. Booksellers or newsvendors who may have any unsold copies will oblige by sending them at once to the office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester.

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33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—Whit Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41.—The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's, Hulme).
48.—St. Saviour's Church (Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. Anderson Gardiner (Presbyterian Church).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).

HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.

HINTS FOR TOURISTS.

The following descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

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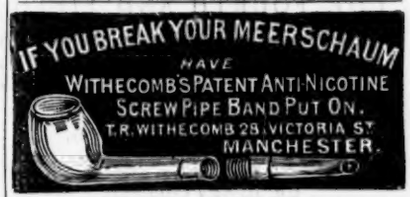
34.—Wastdale and Christopher North.
37.—The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
40.—A Walk to Rostherne.
42.—Ambleside and Hartley Coleridge.
43.—To Erin's Isle: by Edwin Waugh.
44. —Disley and Lyme Hall.
45 & 46.—Paris as Seen by a Manchester Man.
48.—Three Days in Wild Wales.
49.—Belfast to Portrush: by Edwin Waugh.
50.—A Walk to Bramhall.
51.—Blackpool in 1869.
52.—The Valleys of the Lune and of North Derbyshire.
53.—Lytham and Southport.
54.—Alton Towers.



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